Per. Heauens make a Starre of him, yet there my Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls, and our ſelues will in that kingdome ſpend our following daies, our ſonne and daughter ſhall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon* wee doe our longing ſtay,
To heare the reſt vntolde, Sir lead's the way.

FINIS.

Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter you haue heard
Of monſtrous luſt, the due and iuſt reward:
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter ſeene,
Although aſſayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.
Vertue preferd from fell deſtructions blaſt,
Lead on by heauen, and crown'd with ioy at laſt.
In *Helycanus* may you well deſcrie,
A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appeares,
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had ſpred his curſed deede, the honor'd name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder ſeemde ſo content,
To puniſh, although not done, but meant.
So on your Patience euermore attending,
New ioy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

FINIS.